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THERESA AND SEBASTIAN

OR

THE TYROLESE:

A DRAMA OF REAL LIFE

In Four Acts.

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BY ALBERT BREWSTER.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR

THERESA AND SEBASTIAN

OR,

THE TYROLESE;

A DRAMA OF WAR,

In Four Acts.

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PERSONS OF DRAMA.

THERESA VOSTNER, heroine of play.

SEBASTIAN FREILEITZ, hero.

LEWIS VOSTNER, father of Theresa.

JOSEPH VOSTNER, his brother.

RAYMOND LANDSBURG.

BASIL AFFLAND, villain.

MARIA NORBORN.

VICTOR NORBORN, brother to Maria.

CECILIA AFFLAND.

MRS. AFFLAND, mother of Cecilia and Basil.

REBECCA and MARTHA.

ENGLISH DUDE, a cockney tourist.

MICHAEL O'FLANIGAN, body servant of the Dude. Michael

O'Flanigan is a young, good-looking, rollicking Irishman.

CAPTAIN OF BAVARIAN TROOPS.

TWO LIEUTENANTS OF BAVARIAN TROOPS.

BAVARIAN SERGEANT.

BAVARIAN SOLDIERS.

TYROLESE HUNTERS.

TYROLESE RIFLEMEN.

TYROLESE MAIDENS.

TYROLESE YOUTH.

TYROLESE VILLAGERS (all ages, including children).

TYROLESE SHEPHERDS AND SHEPHERDESSES.

MESSENGERS OF WAR.

C O S T U M E S .

Tyrolese national costume, according to sex, age and condition.

THERESA, her father and uncle, RAYMOND LANDSBURG and BASIL AFFLAND, VICTOR NOBBORN and CECILIA's lover, dressed as wealthy Tyrolese of superior rank.

As same, MARIA, MARTHA, MRS. AFFLAND and CECILIA; latter coquettishly attired, her hat worn a little to one side of her head.

REBECCA, prettily but not so richly dressed.

SEBASTIAN, not richly but tastefully and picturesquely attired; black and red plume in hat.

In first act all Tyrolese in gala attire. Hunters and some others will have plumes in their hats—generally black. When seen as Riflemen all will have plumes in their hats, and will wear red stockings to meet short pants, instead of varying colors, as at other times—though red should prevail.

BAVARIAN OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS—national military costume, if to be had; if not, any tasty uniform.

TYROLESE AND BAVARIANS, in battle or skirmish scene, should, if possible, carry national standards.

ENGLISH DUDE, as Dude; dandified, provided with a cane and eye-glass.

MICHAEL O'FLANIGAN; well dressed for his class; prevailing Irish costume of years past.

THERESA AND SEBASTIAN;

OR,

THE TYROLESE.

A DRAMA OF WAR.

ACT FIRST.

[SCENE. A picturesque Tyrolese village, at foot of high mountains; sides will represent grove. Time, early morning. As curtain rises, from side at rear to right of audience, appear ten or twelve Tyrolese maidens, in gala attire, some of them sounding castanets and tambourines; soon all are in view; four of the maidens advance a few steps toward front and commence dancing in couplets. Their companions will pass to rear, where three will remain, whilst balance will pass on so as to take position to right of dancers. Then will enter from opposite side, at rear, ten or twelve Tyrolese youths; when in view, three will remain in position and part of the remainder will join maidens to rear of dancers. The others (larger portion) join the maidens, standing to their right. All will appear as conversing; occasionally merry laughter will be heard. Then will enter from side, whence entered the maidens, eight or ten youths and maidens; a few will join those to rear of dancers, the others will take position to their left, when presently two youths and two maidens will join dancers, when two youths to the right of dancers will commence dancing in front of the two maidens nearest them; presently change so that each youth will have a maiden for partner; some youths and maidens, spectators, will sound tambourines and castanets. A few maidens will come from cottages at rear and join some of the groups. Some few youths and maidens appear from sides (the grove, near front) and hasten to join those at rear. Tambourines and castanets

accompany music of orchestra. Then from side at front will appear galopading two young maidens, *Martha* and *Cecilia*, arms around each other's waist; they will galopade towards those at rear; when half-way to them, will pause and gaze intently to the right (of audience), when a bugle-blast will be heard. Then all dancing ceases, and all hasten forward so as to gaze in the same direction as the two maidens, when presently appear twelve Tyrolese hunters, with rifles over their shoulders—one of them with a bugle. They will string along in front of those present, then pause and converse; not only buzz of conversation should be heard, but at times merry peals of laughter. Hunter with bugle will presently, accompanied by a maiden (*Cecilia Affland*), advance somewhat nearer to front. He is the leader of the band of hunters, will stand at their head when they advance to sing hunting song.]

Cecilia. How I do wish I was going with you. I'm sure I would bring home more game than you will. Ha, ha, ha!

Hunter. Slay, I suppose, with glances of those bright eyes.

Cecilia. No compliments, if you please: but be sure you bring home a deer.

Hunter. Why should I care to bring home a *deer* when a pet *deer* stands by my side, some day to be my lovely bride.

Cecilia. O, don't be too sure. Have been thinking I made a grave mistake. Ha, ha, ha!

Hunter. Ha, ha, ha! Now, *Cecilia*, remember you owe me a hundred kisses for that.

Cecilia. Owe them? Yes, and will owe them for many a year. Ha, ha, ha!

Hunter. No, no, you will not be so cruel. Now, good-bye, love. [*Raises and kisses her hand.*]

[Then, as brother hunters step up abreast of him, he advances to front with them, when they sing a hunting song, whilst youths and maidens, some little distance back, will stand listening, and will applaud as hunters file away, maidens waving handkerchiefs.]

TYROLESE HUNTERS.

Away, unto the mountains,
Ye hunters, now away;
The darksome night is over,
Appears the dawn of day.
Ah, soon amid the forests
Our rifles will resound,
Whilst answering to their echoes
Loudly bays the hound.

Ah, the mountains! the forest!
 The wildwood's pleasant shade,
 Where in close concealment
 Down the antlered deer has laid
 Dreading our so trusty rifles'
 Never-failing aim,
 The report of which their doom
 So often doth proclaim.

Hark! the bugle now doth sound,
 And loudly bays the hound,
 Whilst hunters' shouts resound
 From the towering heights around.
 Following in swift pursuit
 The woodland monarch's flight.
 So away, hunters, away,
 And scale the mountain's height.

[*Exit Hunters.*]

[Those present retire to rear and stroll back and forth through grove as elsewhere described.]

Basil Affland (crossing, meets his sister *Cecilia*, who comes dancing toward him). Well, sister, enjoying yourself, I see.

Cecilia. Oh, yes, Basil. I'm having such a nice time. [She stops a moment, leaning on his arm.]

Basil. Nice time breaking hearts, I suspect. Ha, ha! Now, tell me, *Cecilia*, how many hearts are you going to break to-day?

Cecilia. Not many; I've limited myself to half a dozen. Ha, ha, ha!

Basil (as she skips away and takes the arm of a maiden passing, whom she leaves as her mother appears.) See, sister, you do not exceed the number stated. Ha, ha, ha!

[He then joins and walks from view arm-in-arm with a friend; soon after will be seen crossing further back conversing with a maiden. As he and friend meet]:

Friend. Why, Basil, I thought you were to join in the hunt to-day.

Basil. Yes, so I intended—but changed my mind.

Friend. Thought greater attraction was to be found in the bright eyes of some fair maiden here, I presume.

Basil. As yourself, perhaps. Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*]

[Enter *Mrs. Affland*. Her daughter *Cecilia* runs gaily to her mother.]

Mrs. Affland. You seem very happy, my dear child; may you ever be as free of care and sorrow as now. But, Cecilia, why do you trifle as you do with the affections of your betrothed? You were very fortunate in winning his love, as he is of a noble family, the possessor of great wealth, and is everything I could desire in a son; but if you continue your present course you may forfeit his love, and——

Cecilia. Why, dear mother, he can't help loving me, I know he can't. Ha, ha, ha! Everybody loves me. Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Affland. Ha, ha, ha! You flighty little girl. But do be for a moment serious, and say why do you persist in refusing to name the wedding day. I know that you love him, so why not make him happy by naming the day of——

Cecilia. Love him! Why, certainly I do, with all my heart; but you see, mother, by saying no, no, I shall make him all the more happy when I say yes, yes! Ha, ha, ha! [Skips away and joins several maidens passing a little back.]

Mrs. Affland. The dear little spoiled child! She has never known a day of sorrow. Is like some gay butterfly flitting from flower to flower, unmindful of the passing hour.

[*Joseph Vostner* approaches and walks with her, as conversing, toward rear.]

[Enter *Victor Norborn* and his sister *Maria*.]

Victor Norborn. Now, *Maria*, take care of yourself; I am going in search of *Martha*.

Maria Norborn. Oh, I will take care of myself, brother—but if you are going in search of *Martha*, I advise you to take care of yourself. Ha, ha, ha!

Victor. Think your warning comes too late. Believe I am a gone case. Ha, ha, ha!

Maria. And I know it. Ha, ha, ha!

Victor. But then, sister, I am resigned, you see. Ah! there she is.

[Goes to side, where stands *Martha*, who was looking intently at him whilst he conversed with his sister; but, as he turns and looks in her direction, appears gazing at groups to rear, and affects not to see him. *Exit Maria*.]

Victor. I was looking for you, *Martha*. [She starts.]

Martha. Why, how you startled me; when did you come?

Victor. A few moments ago. What a bright and pleasant morning. Say, fair *Martha*, is it one of your radiant smiles that so illumines all nature?

Martha. There, now, you are complimenting. Haven't I told you I hate compliments? [*Aside.*] O, but wasn't that pretty?

Victor. Pardon me; but, if not your smile, surely 'tis then your brilliant eyes that make bright the day.

Martha. There, another compliment, when you know nothing so offends me. [*Aside.*] Oh, my! but wasn't that real nice!

Victor. If, fair Martha, you will persist in terming compliments, words that so inadequately express my sentiments; words so poorly descriptive of your surpassing charms, I will be silent.

Martha (*aside*). Just the sweetest and prettiest thing I ever heard—the dear fellow. Now, I will leave, sir. [*Turns to go, but pauses at the sound of her lover's voice.*]

Victor. If you leave, fair Martha, I will also leave. So think I will leave with you—where shall we go?

Martha. Ha, ha, ha! O, you provoking man! Well, where you please.

Victor. Rather where you please. All places are alike to me if you are present. [*Exit, but returns to rear in time for a dance.*]

[*Enter Lewis Vostner and his daughter Theresa, a lovely maiden. They advance to front.*]

Lewis Vostner. Daughter, why do you treat with such marked coolness that young man, Basil Affland, who is in affluent circumstances and possessed of many excellent qualities—of whose attentions any maiden might well be proud, and of whose addresses you know I have approved?

Theresa Vostner. Because, dear father, I do not, can not love him.

Lewis Vostner. Why, Theresa, is he not young, good-looking, and, as I have said, in affluent circumstances?

Theresa. Admitting, dear father, all you say of him, nevertheless I cannot love him.

Vostner. Daughter, I insist upon an answer to my question. Why thus silent? Why those averted looks? Can it be you have bestowed your affection upon some youth of whom you know I would not approve? Upon some young man, perhaps unworthy, whom you now blush to name?

Theresa. No, no! think not so, dear father. He is worthy the love of any maiden, and deserving the esteem of all.

Vostner. Name him, daughter!

Theresa. Sebastian Freileitz.

Vostner. An excellent young man, certainly, but in impoverished circumstances, depending on his daily labor: by no

means a suitable match for my only child, sole heiress of all I possess! Has Sebastian, without consulting me, presumed to address you?

Theresa. No, father, he has never said a word of his affection, never mentioned love.

Vostner. What! Never mentioned love! And have you then, unsolicited, bestowed your affections?

Theresa. I know, well know, that Sebastian loves me.

Vostner. How know you that he loves you?

Theresa. Because, O because—I know it.

Vostner. An excellent reason, certainly—a striking example of woman's logic! And now, Theresa, listen to me! You have ever been a good and obedient daughter. I love you too well to command your submission to my expressed wishes, so shall but advise you not to be precipitate. Give Sebastian no encouragement, yet treat him with civility. Treat Basil with kindness and courtesy; perhaps in time you may learn to love him, and so of your own accord be able to comply with my wishes; which be assured, dear daughter, are for your happiness.

Theresa. I will endeavor, dear father, to do as you say; yet think not I can ever love Basil Affland.

Vostner. Well, well, my daughter, we will not converse further upon this subject at present. I understand this is to be a festive day with the village youth: go now, Theresa, and join the village maidens; I have some business to transact. Youth is the time for innocent pleasures; cares and troubles meet us as we advance in life. [Exit.]

Theresa (soliloquizing). Dearest and best of fathers! would that I could in this, as in all things of the past, comply with your wishes; but how can I love Basil? how ever cease to love Sebastian? Ah, he comes!

Sebastian. A pleasant morning, Theresa. The youths and maidens are about to dance: will you do me the honor to accept me as your partner.

Theresa. Yes. [He takes her hand.] Oh, don't, please! You hurt my hand!

Sebastian. Pardon me, but for what possible purpose is so pretty a hand, if not for pressing and kissing. [Raises and kisses her hand.]

Theresa. Ha, ha, ha! None of your gallant speeches; just as though you did not say the same to each fair maiden with whom you converse.

Sebastian. Ha, ha, ha! But indeed, you do me great injustice. Theresa, you must remember 'tis your fair sex, not ours, that has a reputation of fickleness.

Theresa. 'Tis a slander, sir. Ha, ha, ha! And I well know

he who wins my heart will possess it forever. My love could never know change.

Sebastian. I believe you, fair Theresa. I for one could never doubt your constancy, and blessed among men is the one of whom you speak. Nevertheless, most charming Theresa, you may be the lovely exception that proves the rule. Ha, ha, ha!

Theresa. Oh, Sebastian, how can you combine, as you do, flattery and slander. Ha, ha, ha!

[With exception of commencement, the above does not take place at front, but as they stroll slowly to the rear.]

[Advances to front *Basil Afflund.*]

Basil (aside). Again he is before me; I begin now to understand the recent coolness of Theresa. So then, that beggarly Sebastian is the cause! Let him beware of crossing my path, or prepare for the consequences. He who thwarts me in love, shall rue it! [*Exit.*]

[Enter *Maria.*]

Maria [soliloquizing]. How hard to hide from eyes of all, and most of all from his, my deep affection; how I blush to think that unsought I have bestowed my love; but who can know and not love him? How little he dreams that he possesses my heart, while I to him am but as other maidens here, a friend, nothing more. His friendship and esteem is something to prize. Who knows but his present friendship may change to love? Ah yes, who knows?

[She retires a little back, when she is led by *Raymond Landsburg* to those prepared for the dance, provided with castanets and tambourines that accompany music of orchestra; all dance to front of stage, when they stop, while six or eight maidens advance one or two paces and sing *Tyrolese Maiden's Song.*]

TYROLESE MAIDEN'S SONG.

Innocence and Mirth.

Twain sisters of joy.

As of Eden birth,

Glee without alloy.

CHORUS. — Sound the castanet,
Beat the tambourine,
And let joy and mirth
All around be seen.

[All balance as described below.]

Youths and maidens meet,
 On this festive morn;
 And each other greet,
 With smiles that adorn.

CHORUS. [All balance.]

To join in the dance,
 Strangers all to guile,
 With but pleasant glance,
 Else with friendship's smile.

CHORUS. [All balance.]

While sound castanets.
 And the tambourine,
 That harmony sets
 To the joyous scene.

CHORUS.—Sound the castanet,
 Beat the tambourine,
 And let joy and mirth
 All around be seen.

[While singing chorus, all, including singers of verses, will balance to partners, then for a moment or so will gaily dance to music of castanets and tamborines, and that of the orchestra, that will also accompany voices of singers. After balance and short dance, singers will again advance a step or two, whilst dancing at end of chorus, and balance; youths and maidens seem at times to address each other, when laughter should be heard. Singers will again advance a step or two, and sing next verse, after which follows chorus, balance and dance, as described, to be repeated till end of song, when dancers will retire, dancing, a short distance back, same as they advanced. Then they will dance without singing a short time. At the front, whilst dancing, will be seen *Theresa and Sebastian, Victor and Martha, Maria and Raymond, Cecilia* and her lover. At the conclusion of dance all will commence promenading across the stage; when at the side will continue some distance out of view, as walking in grove; then turn and repeat. They walk in different directions, so as to be seen crossing in opposite directions. Some more or less will always be in view, strolling sometimes as couplets, triplets, or in larger groups; occasionally single persons pass; sounds of voices, occasionally merry laughter should be heard, but not too loud, while parties are conversing or soliloquizing at front, to whom they form the background scene. When parties at front con-

verse, strollers at rear will seem to be conversing in low tones. As they pass in view couples near rear may occasionally dance for a moment, then pass on; when, after a little, other couples (one or two) may do the same sometimes (near rear of stage) at center, sometimes at sides; sometimes parties will stand in view, as conversing.]

Basil Affland (advances to front.) Ah, yes! it is all plain now. He dares to cross my path, to rival me in love!—and now he shall experience my vengeance! Come weal or come woe, Theresa shall yet be mine! Her father and uncle both favor my suit, and if Sebastian was out of the way, all might yet be well! To slay him might not further my purpose; to disgrace him would be better; so I will watch and wait. My time will come, and then! and then! [Retires.]

[As *Basil Affland* walks a little back, his sister *Cecilia* crosses his path.]

Cecilia. Why, Basil! Why, what makes you look so cross, so ugly?

Basil. Because I feel cross, feel ugly. Don't bother me.

Cecilia. Why, brother, how hateful you are. [Aside, as she walks away.] I think some maiden has refused to dance with him, and I don't blame her, either, if he looked like that.

[Joins three maidens passing, and walks from view conversing with them; will reappear soon further back, on the arm of *Ragmond Landsburg*; soon after passing near front with another youth. As Basil's sister leaves him, *Basil* walks to side; when about to disappear, meets, coming in view, his mother.]

Mrs. Affland. Why, my son, what ails you? You look demoniacal!

Basil. And feel so, mother. Don't detain me. A devil is tugging at my heart; if he conquers, I shall become a very demon.

[Rushes from sight: his mother stands gazing after him.]

Mrs. Affland (aside). Ah, I understand—Theresa Vostner has rejected him, I fear. But beauty and pride of the valley as she is called, she need not hold herself above my noble and handsome son. There is not another maiden in the valley but would esteem herself honored by his attentions. But I must hasten after my son and endeavor to calm him—he is so violent, so terrible, when in his angry moods. [Exit.]

[*Sebastian* advances to *Maria*, who now stands at front.]

Sebastian. Ah, fair *Maria*! why now so pensive? Are you fatigued from the dance?

Maria. Oh, no, not at all fatigued.

Sebastian. Why then so sedate? Please inform me of the subject of your meditation?

Maria (aside). Ah, did he but know! [Aloud.] A maiden's thoughts, sir, are her own.

Sebastian. Very true, *Maria*; excuse me, please. Will you please accompany me in a walk?

Maria. With pleasure.

[They walk from view, at the side.]

[Enter *English Dude* (a Cockney), and Irish servant, *Michael O'Flanigan*.]

Michael. Now, yer honor, jist look at that [pointing to rear.] Did yer honor iver sea sitch a lot of pratey girls in all yer life!

English Dude [raising his glass to his eye]. Ay, werry good-looking; but cawnt compare with our Henglish girls.

Michael [aside]. Pother his Henglish girls: shore they couldn't hold a candle to thim.

Dude (aside). Cawnt imagine why the Tourist's Guide recommends to tourists this 'orrid country. Don't compare with Hingland. Nothing but blarsted mountains, trees, rocks and waterfalls.

Michael (who has been gazing to rear). Well, yer honor, I hevent seen eny sitch pratey girls since I left ould Ireland. [Several couples commence dancing well to rear.] And look—see if they isent dancing they are. Now, I wonder ef I wars to ask one of thim pratey girls to dance with me, ef she would think it eny harm. Begorra, I will jist troy it, eny how. Shore its not *Michael O'Flanigan* that's afraid to spake to a praty girl. Will yer honor plase to hold me shillaly till I come back?

Dude. What, ask me to hold your dirty stick? Throw it on the ground.

Michael (indignant). I will, *not* yer honor. [Aside] Och, the spalpeen! to call me splinded shillaly a dirty stick; jist the foineest black-thorn iver cut in ould Ireland. Would jist loike to bat him wid it over the head! Well, yer honor, I'm going to heve a dance. We'll show thim something of an Irish jig. Watch, yer honor, and see how jelious I will make thim foine-looking bys.

[Goes to, and asks a young maiden, *Rebecca*, to dance, who sportively and smilingly consents. A merry group gather around them (save to front), seem greatly amused, laugh, and loudly applaud. *Rebecca*, whilst merrily dancing, sounds the castanets, some maidens looking on also sound castanets and tambourines, keeping time with orchestra. *Michael*, whilst dancing, flourishes his shillaly, and gives utterance occasionally to his "whoop-whoop." At this time large numbers have commenced dancing to rear of *Rebecca* and *Michael*. The *Dude* stands twirling his cane, or looks through his eye-glass at dancers and others; presently advances more to center and nearer dancers, and surveys *Rebecca* through his glass, when he attracts the attention of eight or ten maidens standing to one side of dancers. They look at him, then smilingly at each other; then as amused at his appearance, approach him to one side and gaze curiously and smilingly at him. *Dude* turns and looks at them through his glass, when maidens, laughing, retire a short distance; then, as *Dude* turns again his attention to dancers, maidens, after a moment's consultation among themselves, rush forward to the astonished *Dude* and surround him, laughing whilst merrily dancing in a circle, of which *Dude* is the center. He attempts to escape from the circle of his fair tormentors, but the sportive girls foil all his attempts; he rushes from side to side, but is ever confronted by several laughing girls. He seems in great distress, and whilst endeavoring to escape keeps saying]:

Dude. Awe, now, ladies, weally, young ladies, I cawnt dance, you know. Awe now, pon honor, ladies! Awe now, please don't, ladies. Weally now, pon honor!

[He finally escapes from the circle and rushes away to one side, pursued a short distance by the laughing girls. *Dude*, when fleeing, passes to front of slides so as to be longer in view; when about to disappear, pauses and raises his hands]:

Dude. Orrible! Orrible! If this hisn't hawful!

[*Dude* departs, to appear again at side when sounds the trumpet of messenger. The maidens then rush towards *Michael* and dance in a circle around him and *Rebecca*, but *Michael*, contrary to *Dude*, far from being any way embarrassed, seems greatly delighted at their attention, and flourishing his shillaly and giving utterance to his "whoop-whoops," dances all around the circle. After a little time will enter a messenger, the object being to have him break in upon the festivity when

merriment is at its height. At this time, to one side of dancers, may be seen dancing quite a number (a dozen) of young children, boys and girls.

Enter *Messenger*, with trumpet, and looks a few moments towards dancers before sounding his trumpet. As trumpet sounds, dancers assume attitudes of surprise, then hasten to surround him ; others hasten in from side ; when he announces his message.]

Messenger. War is declared ! Our enemies, the Bavarians, are marching in force towards our frontier. General Hofer has sent me to summon to his standard all such patriotic youths as are ready to lay down their lives in defense of their country's cause. Let all such assemble on the morrow, well-armed, and prepared to march at an early hour, under my guidance, to his camp.

Village Youths and Mountaineers. Hurrah ! Hurrah ! To arms ! To arms ! Our country's cause forever ! Death to the foe ! Death to the invaders ! Death to the Bavarians !

[Loud blast of bugles, beating of drums. Presently *Band*, with Tyrolese flag, advances to front, and station themselves to right side of stage (left of audience). Presently appear the hunters who left ; they advance and sing a Tyrolese war-song. The position of band and flag is to their right and a little in advance of them. Villagers to right, left and rear.

TYROLESE BATTLE SONG.

Tyrolese, awaken unto your country's call ;
Rally, ye sons of freedom, rally, one and all !
'Tis Liberty that beckons, pointing to our flag,
And in her sacred cause no Tyrolese will lag.

CHORUS. (Sung by all males.)

So, now, 'round our standard,
Obeying Freedom's call,
Rally, rally, mountaineers,
Conquer, or else fall.

The bugles are sounding, loud beat the drums to arms ;
Let's prove to the invader, war for us has charms,
That, 'round our banner waving proudly to the breeze,
Will rally from our mountains each brave Tyrolese.

CHORUS: So, now, 'round our standard,
Obeying Freedom's call,

Rally, rally, mountaineers.
Conquer, or else fall.

On, Tyrolese, and combat for our country's cause;
In the name of Liberty, never, never pause,
Until every foeman flees in wild dismay,
Before the front of freemen's battle's dread array.

CHORUS: So, now, 'round our standard.
Obeying Freedom's call,
Rally, rally, mountaineers,
Conquer, or else fall.

[At end of each verse, after chorus, band will give forth crash of music, while villagers shout and hurrah, some maidens waving scarfs and handkerchiefs. A maiden, at close of song, may take from hand of standard-bearer the standard, and step to the front of hunters. If preferred, music can be rendered by orchestra, but flag-bearer should stand to right of hunters singing.]

TABLEAU.

RED LIGHT.

CURTAIN.

ACT SECOND.

Time, one month later.

SCENE FIRST. Same as First Act.

[Present at front, *Louis* and *Joseph Vostner*; somewhat further back, *Victor Norborn* and his sister *Maria*; also *Martha*, *Cecilia* and lover, and other groups. Further back, and also at the rear, several groups of villagers, male and female; the last named may be passing as traversing street back of grove; also, some children of different ages. Some groups will be all males, some all females, others mixed. When sounds the alarm-bell, bugle and drum, those at and near rear will hasten towards sound and disappear from view, while others are seen hastily crossing stage at rear, same direction (street of village); when enters *Messenger*, with bugler and the drummer, they

will appear with him, as will many others. Prior to entrance of *Messenger*, all present appear as excited or anxious; no laughter is heard; only buzz of conversation. Excitement increases when sounds the alarm-bell; this applies to those who remain, as well as to those who depart.]

Louis Vostner. Sad news, if true!

Joseph Vostner. Yes, very sad; but we must hope for the best. Our brave Tyrolese have been gone but one month, and now the rumor is that our forces have been driven back by overwhelming numbers, and that some of the enemy are within a few days' march of our village.

[Enter *Theresa* and *Raymond*.]

Theresa. Oh, then they will soon be here. What shall we do?

Raymond. Be not alarmed, Theresa; our village is too secluded, and our principal mountain passes too well guarded, for the enemy to surprise us.

Lewis Vostner. And the reported enemies cannot be in force, but are probably some small body. But hark!—some more bad news, I fear!

[A bugle is heard, then rattling of drum, and presently sound of village bell, back and to one side.]

Raymond. Yes, a messenger must have arrived.

[*Messenger*, with trumpet, appears at rear and advances to front; also a drummer, beating his drum. They are followed by a large number of villagers, male and female, mostly the last named; also some children. *Messenger* sounds again the trumpet. Enter others at side, mostly aged persons, and maidens, as are the others; among them *Sebastian*.]

Messenger. A body of Bavarians are approaching in the direction of an unguarded pass of the mountains to the north!

Joseph Vostner. What is to be done in this emergency? The danger is imminent, and nearly all our young men are absent with General Hofer, or else guarding the more accessible passes.

Lewis Vostner. I would advise, that some messenger be sent to General Hofer, acquainting him of our danger, and requesting assistance. I will not deny the mission is one of great danger, as the messenger may fall into the hands of the enemy, when death awaits him. Nevertheless, as the safety of all is at stake, who among you is ready to encounter the danger?

Ragmond (to *Theresa*). If none other offer, I shall go.

Theresa. Raymond, do not think of such a thing; you would certainly be killed.

[After a short delay *Sebastian Freilitz* steps forward.]

Sebastian. I am ready, sir, to go upon the mission, and will start at once.

[At this announcement both *Theresa* and *Maria* start and show emotion.]

Lewis Vostner. Brave youth! But, Sebastian, have you considered well the danger?

Sebastian. Speak not, sir, of danger, where honor and duty call.

Lewis Vostner. Ah, a noble reply! well worthy of a Tyrolese. Go, then, brave youth, and may heaven bless and protect you!

Theresa (advancing). Sebastian, I never dreamed of this. But I know well, after that reply, it were vain to endeavor to detain you; and I know that a Tyrolese maiden has also her part in time of war; if 'tis but to suffer in her country's cause. [Goes to her father and rests her head weeping upon his shoulder.]

Lewis Vostner. Well said, my daughter. Sebastian, behold here the reward of valor! Perform successfully this mission of danger, and my daughter Theresa shall be your bride.

Sebastian. I could hope for no greater reward this side of heaven! Be assured, dear sir. I shall accomplish this mission, or perish in the attempt!

Theresa (approaching *Sebastian*). For my sake, dear Sebastian, be prudent!

[*Maria*, when *Vostner* ceases speaking, with downcast looks, departs.]

Sebastian. Yes, dear Theresa, as prudent as duty, honor and circumstances will permit. [Taking her hand.] And now, Theresa, farewell, till I shall return to claim my sweet reward.

Theresa. Heaven bless and guard you, dear Sebastian! Oh! how can I let you go? But since you must, farewell, farewell!

Sebastian. Farewell, dearest. [Raises and kisses her hand.] Farewell, friends! I go to prepare for my immediate departure.

Raymond. Cheers for our brave friend Sebastian!

Villagers. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! [*Exit Sebastian.*]

Raymond. I think it would be advisable to send a few scouts

in the direction of the approaching foes, to observe their movements. I will also go to the guarded passes and see if a few riflemen cannot be spared to go meet and harass, and so retard the march of the Bavarians as to allow time for the expected succor to arrive.

Joseph Vostner. An excellent suggestion, my young friend, and I will attend to sending the scouts.

Raymond. Then I will go immediately to the passes.

[Exit *Raymond*; soon after *Joseph Vostner*.]

[Immediately after departure of *Sebastian*, *Lewis Vostner* and *Theresa* take their departure, she weeping upon his arm. Then *Joseph Vostner* and *Raymond* advance to front and converse, then depart as seen back; as also *Messenger* and drummer (latter beating drum), and all present; most of them following drummer, except *Victor Norborn* and his sister *Maria*, and *Martha*, *Cecilia* and lover. Then *Cecilia* and lover advance to front, when those back will depart soon as they commence speaking, so none but the two lovers are in view.]

Cecilia. Why, oh say, why didn't you volunteer—and I thought you so brave!

Lover. I did think of it, but thought it would break your dear little heart if I did.

Cecilia. Break my heart! Ha, ha, ha! No indeed, sir; 'tis not so easily broken, sir; just as though I did not have plenty of lovers. Ha, ha, ha!

Lover. Ha, ha, ha! Ah, *Cecilia*, ah, *Cecilia*, what little maiden was that who, at the breaking out of the war, begged and prayed and almost cried her pretty eyes out till I promised not to go—say, *Cecilia*! Ha, ha, ha!

Cecilia (looking away for a moment, as if embarrassed; then first whirling and spinning around and around). Oh, then I was only in fun—just making believe; and you really thought I was in earnest! Ha, ha, ha!

Lover (aside). Now is my time. I will see if I have sufficient brains for the occasion. If that was the case, and that is the way you view matters, I will go now and see *Sebastian*. Perhaps I may prevail on him to let me go in his place; otherwise I will join the scouts to be sent to meet the foe. Good-by, *Cecilia*.

[*Cecilia* runs to and in front of him, clasping her hands.]

Cecilia. No, no, no! Oh, don't go; please don't go.

Lover. Oh, I see, as before, you are only in fun—just making believe. Good-by.

Cecilia. No, no. Oh, oh, that was only one of my wicked little fibs; indeed it was. Don't, please don't leave me.

Lover. Yes, I must go. You won't miss me. You have plenty of lovers, you know!

[*Cecilia* clinging to his arm and crying.]

Cecilia. But—but—I don't love any of them—but—but—you!

Lover. But, *Cecilia*, you will soon got over that; your heart is not so easily broken.

Cecilia (sobbing). Yes, yes, 'twill break my heart! Indeed, 'twill break my heart. I pray you. I beg—I implore you—don't go. Please don't leave me.

Lover. Well, dear, I will remain—upon one condition.

Cecilia. Yes, yes, I will promise. Yes, I promise.

Lover. Well, fair *Cecilia*, up to the present time you have refused to name the time of our wedding. Should I remain, just one month from to-day is to be the wedding day.

Cecilia. Yes, yes, dear—just one month from to-day.

Lover. The first day of September.

Cecilia. Yes, yes, oh yes—first day of September.

Lover. Half-past 10 o'clock in the morning.

Cecilia. Yes, dear—oh yes—half-past ten o'clock in the morning.

Lover. Then, dearest, I will remain. [Kisses her hand; then draws it through his arm and departs, *Cecilia* half crying.]

Cecilia. I never thought you would treat me so—be so, so cruel—so, so unkind—as, as to want—to, to go and leave me—to, to go and be killed.

[*Exit.*]

[Enter *Basil Affland.*]

Basil. So my claims are ignored, and *Theresa's* father accepts of *Sebastian* as suitor for the fair hand of his daughter. This is indeed the hour of *Sebastian's* triumph. Mine is yet to come, and soon. Yes, his doom is sealed—*Sebastian* shall die, and before many days. Scouts are to be sent out to watch the foe. I shall be one of them. If *Sebastian* escapes the bullets of the *Bavarians*, he shall not escape the bullet from my rifle. If I cannot win *Theresa's* heart, I can and will cause it to suffer. She shall regret the day she preferred *Sebastian's* love to mine. Sooner than yield her to his embrace I would pierce with my dagger her heart; dye my hand in her heart's blood, and that of *Sebastian*. But I must hasten to enroll myself among the scouts, or else lose my chance for vengeance.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE SECOND.

On front slides. Woods, or landscape showing woods, and mountains, not distant.

[As curtain rises, is heard as to right (of audience), faint or distant taps of drums, as of troops marching. Appears from left (of audience) a Tyrolese rifleman, bugle slung by his side; he halts and stands as viewing the marching Bavarians (invisible to audience). Presently he is joined by eleven other riflemen coming from same direction; as they join him, *Comrade A*, pointing to enemy]:

Comrade A. Behold the invaders!

Comrade B. Too many to attack with our small force.

Comrade C. True. But then, the boy we saw a short distance back said he saw a number of our riflemen pass this way less than two hours ago. Could we join them, the case would be different.

Comrade D. Yes, but how find them? If we sound the bugle, 'twill put the enemy on the alert.

Comrade A. We will inquire of the aged shepherd approaching.

Comrade D. Yes, best question him.

[Enter aged shepherd with crook, coming from direction of foe.]

Comrade A. Friend, have you seen any of our riflemen passing this way?

Shepherd. Yes, my young friends; a number of them passed here a little over an hour ago.

Comrade E. How many of them, and did they say whence they came?

Shepherd. Nine or ten. I understood that they came from the village just on the opposite side of the mountain.

Comrade B. Then they must be the scouts Raymond Landsburg said were to be sent from the village.

Comrade C. Undoubtedly the same.

Shepherd. Then you must be the riflemen from the passes of the mountains, they expected to unite with them at this point; and I have a message for you. They told me, did I meet you, I was to tell you that they would gain the front of the enemy, and if the foe appeared in view when you arrived here, for you to follow close in their rear, so as to assist them when they found a favorable place to attack.

Comrade A. Thank you, my friend. Well, comrades, let us

follow in pursuit. We will make it lively for the invaders before long.

Comrades. Yes! yes! Onward! onward! [Disappear in direction of enemy.]

Shepherd (looking after them). Brave youth! brave youth! Would that I was also a young man, so as at this time to be carrying a rifle in place of this shepherd's crook. [*Exit.*]

SCENE THIRD.

A woodland glade; back scene, mountains as near.

[Will be seen, standing at parade rest, a company of Bavarian soldiers. The line is not formed across the stage, but lengthwise, midway to sides. At head of line stand two lieutenants, one of them leaning upon his sword. The captain is seen marching back and forth, front of company. Is seen also a standard-bearer, two drummers and a bugler. Presently appears at rear a sergeant, who approaches captain and salutes.]

Captain. Your report?

Sergeant. A Tyrolese rifleman is coming down the side of the mountain, and will be here soon.

Captain. To your post.

[Sergeant takes his place at head of company.]

Captain. Attention, company. [Company comes to position of order arms.] We will form here an ambuscade each side of the road. When you hear me order the man to surrender, you will rush forth, surround and take him prisoner. Be careful not to injure him, as we must secure him as guide over the mountains. Unfix bayonets. [Men unfix bayonets and come back to order arms.] Carry arms! Front rank, as you are! Rear rank, right about face! To cover, quick step, march!

[Lines march in different directions, as faced. A lieutenant accompanies each line, and attends to placing men, then seeks cover. Captain looks to right and left, and then seeks cover well back. Presently appears at rear Sebastian; he looks carefully around; then, assured, marches to near front. The Bavarians, as behind trees, though visible to audience, are supposed to be hid from view of the Tyrolese.]

Captain. Surrender!

Sebastian. Never.

[Turning, he will level his rifle at captain, when it will be struck up by musket of one of the Bavarians (rifle exploding), all of whom, at sound of captain's voice, rush forth and surround him. After a gallant struggle, he is overpowered, disarmed and made prisoner.]

Bavarian Captain. Now, fellow, listen to me. We are on the way to take possession of some mountain passes in this neighborhood, but we have learned that your comrades are so posted as to roll down stones and fragments of rocks upon us. I understand there is another way, difficult indeed, but not impracticable, by which we may avoid these annoyances. It must be known to you. Conduct us safely, and you shall be handsomely rewarded; deceive us, and your life shall pay the forfeit! Guard him, Sergeant. [This time company will be formed as before, but will be close to left side audience.] Form company! [When Sergeant leads, and places Sebastian at their head.]

Captain. Fix bayonets. Carry arms!

Sergeant. Now, my fine fellow, show us the right way!

Captain. Sergeant, watch him close. Upon the least sign of treachery, shoot him through the head! Attention, company. Right face! Forward, march! Left wheel, march! Support arms.

[They disappear with drummer playing; sounds of drum grow fainter. Soon as Bavarians disappear from view, will appear at left, near rear, twelve Tyrolese riflemen, same as seen in preceding scene.]

Comrade A. Strange, if our comrades are in front of the enemy, we do not hear the music of their rifles.

Comrade B. Be patient. We will hear the report of their rifles soon, never fear.

Comrade C. Yes, the foe is getting well into the mountains. Our comrades will attack soon.

Comrade A. Well, let us proceed, so as to be in supporting distance.

Comrade D. Yes, yes. Let us keep them in view.

Several Comrades. Onward! onward!

[They advance to where disappeared the Bavarians, stand a brief moment as if reviewing the retiring foe, then follow in pursuit.]

SCENE FOURTH.

Wild mountain scenery to rear; rocky cliffs and evergreen trees, as not distant; front, woods.

[Is heard distant tap of drum as approaching (to the right side audience. Near the front appear on the run nine Tyrolese scouts. Among them is *Basil Affland*; when in view they stop as behind trees, and look back at approaching foe.]

Basil Affland. I tell you, comrades, that the traitor acting as guide to the enemy is Sebastian. Though distant, I recognized him at the first glance.

Comrade No. 1. Impossible, Basil! Sebastian would be the last one among us to turn traitor.

Comrade No. 2. Yes, yes—the very last.

Basil. I say 'tis he—I can swear to it.

Comrade No. 3. No, no, Basil; you are mistaken.

Basil. I am not. But be the traitor who he may, leave him to the bullet of my rifle.

[They speed to back of the stage, then stand looking towards front in direction whence will appear Bavarians; the louder beat of their drum showing they are not distant.]

Basil. Now, comrades, when appears the traitor I will shoot him down. Then you will see I am right.

Comrade No. 4. Not from here. This is no place to make a stand; let us go to the top of yonder cliff that commands the road. [Points upward and to one side and rear, left side of audience.]

Several Comrades. Yes, to the cliff! Top of the cliff! Summit of cliff!

[They disappear, when presently march into view the company of Bavarians; Sebastian at their head. He turns to the right and walks toward the rear.]

Captain. Right wheel, march!

[When all are in view, and have wheeled as commanded, the Captain having first gazed around.]

Captain. Halt! [Company halts, *Sebastian* walks a few paces to one side from them.]

Captain. Where are you leading us to, fellow? [*Sebastian is silent, but steps farther away.*]

Captain. Speak wretch! Have you dared to betray us?

Sebastian. No, Captain, I have not betrayed you. You compelled me to march before you; but could you expect a Tyrolese youth would assist you to destroy his native village? [Folds his arms, and bravely faces head of company.]

Captain. Blow out his brains. [The sergeant fires, *Sebastian* falls as dead.]

Captain (walking to front of stage). [Aside.] Ah, poor fellow! I was too hasty in my command. A noble youth, a true patriot! But it cannot be helped now. [Returning to near the head of the company.]

Captain. Attention, company! Break ranks! Rest, march!

[Men break ranks, and rest, some sitting with backs to trees, others prostrate themselves on the ground, some stand, leaning on their muskets, some go and view the fallen patriot, and others still take out and light pipes and smoke. The sergeant, immediately after firing, reloads his musket.]

Captain (addressing lieutenant). That was an unpleasant piece of business.

Lieutenant. Yes, but justifiable.

Captain. Sergeant, can you not enliven us with one of your stirring battle songs?

Sergeant. I will try, captain. [Steps to the front and sings battle song; standard bearer and drummer to his right.]

BAVARIAN BATTLE SONG.

(Orchestral accompaniment.)

Bavarians, Bavarians!
Our country calls to arms,
And where is the Bavarian
That dreadeth war's alarms?
Whose soul is not awakened
When the drums and bugles call,
Who feareth for his country
To combat or e'en to fall?

So march forth unto the combat,
Brave comrades, one and all,
Where is heard the stirring music
Of drum and trumpet call!
Ah, hear ye not the rattle

Of the musket in the fight,
The clashing of the sabers,
The bombs bursting in their flight?

Bavarians, Bavarians!
Rally around our flag,
That amid the charging squadrons
Is never seen to lag!
When loudest roar the cannon,
It is ever in the van!
So, comrades, around our banner
Now rally to a man!

[Comrades applaud. Drummers beat a roll.]

Captain. Thank you sergeant; very well sung.

[*Sebastian* revives, utters a few groans; raises himself on one elbow and looks around.]

Sergeant. The man is alive; shall I finish him? (Brings forward his musket.)

Captain. No, no, poor devil! Since he has outlived that shot we will not kill him in cold blood. See what can be done to relieve him. Prepare a litter and carry him back with us to the camp at Innsbruck.

Sebastian. Water, water! For heaven's sake give me water!

[A Bavarian soldier, kneeling, raises his head, whilst a comrade gives him water from a canteen. A lieutenant then goes to him, looks at him, presents to kneeling soldier supporting *Sebastian* a handkerchief, which soldier binds around his head.]

Lieutenant (designating them with sword). You four will carry the wounded man. Unfix bayonets! [Then, addressing a soldier.] Your blankets! [Soldier takes off his knapsack and unrolls his blankets].

Lieutenant. You two [of those with unfixed bayonets], prepare litter. Be lively.

[Blanket being spread out upon the ground, a soldier kneels on each side of same, and rolls edges around his musket, securing with cords, when *Sebastian* is placed upon litter, and, at command of captain to form company, will be raised and carried to rear, so that when company is formed they will be hidden from view as they march away. When company is re-

formed it will stand close to rear, this time across stage, so when at right face to march straight from view.]

Captain. Attention! Form company! Order arms! Fix bayonets! Carry arms! Right face! Forward, march! [Then, later]: Right shoulder arms!

[Troops disappear whence disappeared the Tyrolese scouts. Soon as Bavarians have disappeared, appear from side near front two lovely Tyrolese shepherdesses, crooks in their hands; they proceed timidly to rear, listening to the Bavarian drums distinctly heard when they have arrived near to the rear. The successive reports of nine rifles are heard to left and rear to audience, well up, as fired from summit of cliff (this is necessary, in order to distinguish shots of Tyrolese scouts from firing of Bavarians), when is heard the bugle of the Bavarians and rapid roll of their drums. At report of rifles shepherdesses will appear startled, and then will hasten on to rear to obtain view of the enemy, then will scream, turn and fly whence they came; when will immediately appear eight Bavarian soldiers, as deployed skirmishers. They appear at same side as they left, but at opening just front of where they departed; when in view three will halt as behind trees, other five will cross to directly opposite side of stage and stand as behind trees; two of them might stand same side at opening next nearest front. Then they will, one or two, sometimes three, aim and fire to left and rear; aiming high, as firing at the, to audience, invisible Tyrolese on the cliff. This they, as behind trees, will continue to do, whilst reports of their comrades' muskets are heard from time to time in direction whence they came, as well as reports of Tyrolese rifles fired as at considerable elevation (near top of stage), as fired from summit of cliff. Presently a Bavarian, to right side, will stagger wildly back and appear to fall outside view of audience; comrades will look toward where he is supposed to lay. When those in view have fired each three or four times, will be heard the bugle of Tyrolese riflemen on the cliff, when will be heard far to opposite side, right of audience, and as nearer front, faint, as distant sounds of a bugle. When heard the last named bugle, Bavarians in view will appear startled, will appear to listen to the bugle, then look at one another, when the three Bavarians at left (audience) will shoulder their muskets, and, at double-quick, will disappear in direction of main body of their comrades, reports of whose muskets continue to be heard, replied to by Tyrolese riflemen on the cliff. They are immediately followed by their five comrades; as

these last are about to disappear, a Tyrolese rifleman steps in view from side they left (right of audience, but little nearer front), and fires upon them, when one of them, staggering as badly wounded, is assisted by a comrade, and, staggering, disappears. His comrades wheel and fire at the Tyrolese, who falls back into the arms of a comrade that then appears, and steps back from view with him. Bavarians then, at double-quick, disappear. When hid from view, appear at the place they stood when firing at riflemen on the cliff, four Tyrolese, who fire in the direction of retreating Bavarians. As these riflemen stand reloading, six Tyrolese come in view, pass them and pass to opposite side of stage, and, as behind trees, fire in direction of Bavarians, whose muskets continue to be heard, as also reports of rifles of Tyrolese firing from summit of cliff. When Tyrolese in view have fired a few times, enter near front *English Dude* and servant (*Michael O'Flanigan*). Whilst they speak, firing ceases, and Tyrolese in view appear as watching for sight of foe, who are hid behind trees].

Michael O'Flanigan. Now, yer honor, but isn't this jist splindled. Isn't we in luck—jist in time for a fight! Come now, yer honor, let us help the bys.

Dude. What do you mean, you crazy Hirishman? How can we help them when we have no guns?

Michael. Och, pother the guns! Isn't yer honor got yer pistols, and isn't I me shillaly [flourishing it], me trusty shillaly! So come, now, let us jine the bys!

Dude. What, and get my 'ead shot off?

Michael. Och, pother the head! What ef yer honor does get yer head shot off?—can't ye tell the people ye ware in a big fight, and what a haro ye ware? So come now, yer honor, be reasonable, and let us have a little divarsion.

[Firing heard. *Michael*, at reports, jumps up and does whooping. Then firing ceases.]

Michael. Well, yer honor, ef ye won't go wid me, shure it's alone I will go.

Dude. What, leave me without a servant in this 'orrid blarsted country?

Michael. Can't help it, yer honor; I must have a little divarsion. [Loud firing heard.] Did yer honor iver hear tell of a fight, and niver an Irishman in it?

[Firing heard. Is heard the bugle of riflemen on the cliffs; also bugle of those in view; then a loud blast of a bugle to right side, near front, as close at hand.]

Michael. Och, begorra, but here comes some more of the illigant bys. But don't they look foine, yer honor?

[When is heard last bugle, Tyrolese in sight and on the cliffs shout and hurrah. Appears at right side (of audience) and near front, at double-quick, a company of Tyrolese; they appear hurrahing; when in view, wheel to right and rear; number thirty or forty. As they appear in view, the riflemen at rear, hurrahing, rush from sight to left, at rear, after retreating foe. As they begin to disappear, a crash of muskets is heard from retreating Bavarians, when a Tyrolese falls as shot; a comrade stops and hastens to him, and kneels by his side.]

Rifleman. My brother!—my brother!

Michael. Och, the murdering spalpeens to go shooting down a poor by, jist becace he's defendind his country. [Then, as disappear the last company of Tyrolese.] Good-by, yer honor; I'm going along wid these bys, jist to have a little divarsion!

Dude. No, siree, it cawn't be done. You are not to leave me. We must be together. [Seizes *Michael* by the collar of his coat.]

Michael. And it's not to lave you I am; and it's to be together we are! Well, then, yer honor, I will not lave you, and together we will be; for faith it's go wid me ye shall. [Seizes hold of the *Dude*, and shoves him before him in direction of combatants.]

Dude (struggling). Unhand me, you rascal, do you want to get me killed? Help! Murder!

Michael (shoving him along.) Do ye call it murder, going to have a little sport?

[Then, as sound of bugles, roll of drums and loud crash of muskets is heard in the direction of combatants, hurls him aside, when *Dude* falls, but scrambles up and flees away.]

Michael (jumping up and down and flourishing his shillaly). Whoop! whoop! I'm coming, me bys! Whoop, whoop, hurrah! [*Erit.*]

[Enter at rear five Bavarian prisoners, guarded by three Tyrolese, who come a little towards the front. The two shepherdesses, with a shepherd boy, appear near front, and stand gazing at prisoners; also, further back, a number of people, men and women, who go to rear, as do the shepherdesses, to view combatants. A company of eighteen or twenty Tyrolese rifle-

men are seen, at double-quick, crossing at rear in direction of combatants. Those present hurrah as they pass. Curtain falls, but rises immediately for concluding scene of this Act.]

NOTE.—It would be best, I think, for Managers to engage for military scenes, some Military Company when possible, as such would be drilled in the manual of arms, in marching, etc., and would have uniforms that might answer for Bavarian soldiers when seen as such. When as Tyrolese riflemen, of course, they would be seen in costumes of Tyrolese riflemen. They should, however, always be armed with muzzle-loading guns: when as Bavarians, ordinary muzzle-loading muskets, when as Tyrolese riflemen, or Hunters, then with muzze-loading short-barreled rifles, as in general use among the Tyrolese. In first act they would appear as Tyrolese youth.

SCENE FIFTH.

Cottage and grove. Home of Lewis Vostner.

Enter Lewis Vostner and Raymond.]

Lewis Vostner. One month has passed since the departure of Sebastian! Noble and heroic youth! he has undoubtedly sacrificed his life at the call of duty and patriotism.

Raymond. Ah, yes! the gallant fellow has undoubtedly kept well his promise at departure, to accomplish his mission or perish in the attempt.

Lewis Vostner. He cannot be living, or we should certainly have heard from him. My sweet child, Theresa, seems nearly heart-broken, though she endeavors to conceal as much as possible her grief; but when I come upon her suddenly I often find her in tears.

Raymond. Well may she weep for Sebastian. He was worthy of her tears; loved or esteemed by all.

Lewis Vostner. My daughter's grief is too violent to last. I think, when she recovers her peace of mind, I may prevail upon her to receive the attentions of Basil Affland. He was very devoted, and had received my permission to address her; but when I discovered her affection for Sebastian, I did not like to force her into compliance with my wishes. When Sebastian, in compliance with the calls of duty and patriotism, volunteered to undertake that perilous mission, I consented to his suit, and promised him the hand of Theresa; but now that he is no more, I think Basil may in time win her affections.

Raymond. I think not; and pardon me for saying, I think your daughter was wiser in her preference than yourself. I know

Basil better than you do. He is prone to anger, easily excited, and very vindictive.

Lewis Vostner. Why, Raymond, you surprise me. I know not, then, whom I shall choose for Theresa's husband.

Raymond. I know of one, sir, who would be most happy to win for his own your charming daughter.

Lewis Vostner. Name him! Your recommendation would go a great way with me.

Raymond. Well, sir, you would not have far to go to find him.

Lewis Vostner. What, Raymond, yourself? Give me your hand! I should be both happy and proud to call you son. I know that Theresa greatly esteems you, and 't will be easy for you, when she recovers her peace of mind, to win her affections.

Raymond. Many thanks, sir, for your good opinion and kind wishes. But Sebastian, should he return, has a prior claim. One more worthy than he is not to be found. In that case, Theresa's love for him, and your promise, would bar out all other suitors.

Lewis Vostner. Very true, Raymond; only bear in mind, in case Sebastian does not return, I shall hope some day to see my daughter Theresa your bride.

Raymond. Thanks, sir. Suppose we go inquire if there is further news of our returning volunteers.

[Enter *Theresa.*]

Theresa. Oh, why, why, did I consent to Sebastian's leaving me! Well do I know, it was for my sake, hoping to gain my dear father's esteem and consent to his suit, that prompted him to undertake that perilous adventure; and now he is dead! he is dead.

[Enter *Joseph Vostner.*]

Joseph Vostner. Dear niece, do I again find you weeping, mourning for your loss?

Theresa. Ah, dear uncle, how can I but weep?

Joseph Vostner. You know well, dear Theresa, how deeply I sympathize with you; but tears cannot recall the dead. Remember we have duties towards the living. So, for your dear father's sake, endeavor to suppress your grief. Remember there are worse things than death, as shame and dishonor. Sebastian died a hero's death! While we mourn, we can yet feel proud of him; his name is on the lips of all.

Theresa. What you state, renders him all the dearer to me; I can but weep. [Weeps bitterly.]

[Enter *Lewis Vostner* and *Raymond*.]

Lewis Vostner. Ah, dearest daughter, still indulging your sorrow? Brother, can you not prevail—but who comes!

Joseph Vostner. 'Tis Basil Affland.

[Enter *Basil*.]

Raymond. Welcome Basil! What news from over the mountains?

Basil. It grieves me to the soul to be the bearer of such intelligence to the friends of Sebastian.

Theresa. Sebastian! It is all over, then; and, as we feared, he is murdered!

Basil. No, Theresa, he is safe enough; he was too wise to risk that precious life for our sakes. He has, on the contrary, obtained promotion—been made a leader of the Bavarian troops; their guide, at least.

Theresa. Oh, oh! basest of men! Vile calumniator! And do you think this tale will obtain credit here? Sebastian a guide to the enemy's forces! Sebastian a traitor! Would, I could think your assurance of his being alive, less false than all the rest of your story.

Raymond. Present proof of what you say, or answer to me for defamation of my friend Sebastian, who we have so long mourned as dead.

Basil. The proof is at hand; there are two close by whom I will now bring, that have in their possession a letter, which will prove I am neither a liar nor a slanderer. [Exit.]

Theresa. It is his malice only; he repeats what he cannot possibly believe. Surely no man can doubt Sebastian would die a thousand deaths rather than commit such an act.

Joseph Vostner (addressing his brother). I hope she may be right; but, having seen more of life than the innocent Theresa. I cannot place the same confidence in human virtue.

[Enter *Basil* and two village authorities.]

Basil. I am sorry, Theresa, that my duty to my country obliged me to deliver this paper into the hands of the public authorities. When you have read it, you will perhaps be less ready to accuse me of calumny.

[He presents *Theresa* a letter, unsealed. She eagerly peruses it, clasps her hands together, totters a few steps, and falls faint.

ing into the arms of her father; then partly revives, and stands leaning and weeping on his bosom. *Basil* and companions who entered with him stand at distance gazing on *Theresa* and father. *Raymond* picks up and reads the letter *Theresa* let fall.]

Raymond. What! Sebastian's handwriting? Sebastian's signature? [Reads aside.] "Dearest *Theresa*, I cannot let the messenger go without one line from my own hand, to your own dear self. You will, no doubt, feel surprised that I should have been induced to become a guide to the enemy's forces, but I do not think you will blame me under the circumstances. How otherwise could I act? Yours, ever faithfully, SEBASTIAN FREILEITZ." What! Sebastian a traitor! Who could have believed it? I do not wonder at that poor girl's agony! Would that I could console you, *Theresa*.

TABLEAU. Plaintive music by orchestra.

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT THIRD.

SCENE FIRST.

Interior of cottage. Ante-room, home of *Lewis Vostner*; windows back of room.

Enter *Lewis Vostner* and brother.

Lewis Vostner. Words cannot express the happiness I have experienced, for some weeks past, at seeing my dear daughter so recovered from the depression of spirits that followed upon the supposed death, and the after disclosure of the baseness of him upon whom she had unhappily placed her affections; and now to see her engaged to that so estimable young man, *Raymond*.

Joseph Vostner. Yes, it is a great cause of congratulation. Ah, there they are, walking through the grove, a happy couple! They are coming to the house.

Lewis Vostner. My cup of happiness is now filled to the brim!

That sight renews my youth; it carries me back twenty years to the time of my marriage. Theresa is the image of her departed mother.

[Enter *Theresa* and *Raymond* arm in arm.]

Lewis Vostner. Well, dear daughter, have you had a pleasant walk?

Theresa. Yes, dear father.

Lewis Vostner. And you, Raymond?

Raymond. In truth, dear sir, a most pleasant walk!

Lewis Vostner. Ha! ha! ha! Unless your countenance—but why rings the bell? [Village bell is heard well back.]

Raymond. I heard, sir, from a mountaineer we encountered in our walk, that our brave Tyrolese riflemen were coming over the mountains, on their return from the seat of war. It is, undoubtedly, to welcome them that the bell now rings. [Heard in the rear shouts of villagers.] Ah, yes! those shouts proclaim the truth of my surmise. And, hark! methinks I hear the distant sound of martial music.

[Heard to the rear, distant sound of band, which each moment sounds louder, as approaching.]

Theresa. O, yes; let us view them from the windows.

[All go to the windows and gaze without, whence is heard the ringing of bells, shouts of welcome, and increasing sound of band: *Theresa* stands leaning on the arm of *Raymond*.]

Lewis Vostner. Certainly this is a joyful day to many. Fathers and mothers will welcome their sons, wives their husbands, children their fathers, and many maidens their lovers, and friends greet friends. Ah! what are the so-called pomps of glorious war, compared to an hour like this?—the return of peace, and with it the return from toils and danger of the beloved?

Joseph Vostner. Very true, brother, but it is a sad thought that while so many rejoice, there are some who weep for those who will never more return.

Lewis Vostner. Alas, too true! But see! they appear in sight! Our gallant Tyrolese! How noble the appearance of the patriot band. They halt—are about to be dismissed.

Joseph Vostner. Let us hasten to welcome our friends!

Theresa. Yes, oh, yes! [Exit *Lewis* and *Joseph Vostner*.]

[As *Theresa* is hastening after her father and uncle, *Raymond* detains her for a moment.]

Raymond. Why such haste, dear *Theresa*? No returning lover awaits your greeting. Your fond and happy lover stands by your side and counts the few intervening weeks when he shall lead to the altar his beauteous bride—when another ring will be placed upon this fair hand. [Raises and kisses her hand.]

Theresa. I go not to welcome a lover, but some dear friends, as will also you. Let's hasten, *Raymond*. [Exit.]

[All sound ceases when *Theresa* and *Raymond* exit. A momentary drop of curtain, which rises to show a tableau. Music by orchestra.]

SCENE SECOND.

[TABLEAU. — Village street; Tyrolese riflemen; some embraced by aged fathers and mothers, some by sisters and brothers, some by wives with children clinging to them; some of the youngest children in the arms of riflemen, some welcomed by betrothed maidens, others stand clasping the hands of friends. In front are seen those who left the cottage. *Theresa* leans upon the arm of *Raymond*, whose right hand is clasped by a rifleman; her uncle, a little back, also clasps the hand of a rifleman. At side of scene are several in attitudes of grief; maidens with handkerchiefs to their eyes, or down-cast looks and clasped hands; aged fathers and mothers grieving for those who return not. Other villagers stand at sides, looking on.]

Momentary drop of curtain, while orchestra continues playing. Persons of tableau depart from stage, and scenery changed.]

SCENE THIRD.

Woodland glade on the mountain-side, showing trees; back represents mountain peaks.

[Enter *Maria* from one side; soon after, opposite, *Sebastian*, rifle upon his shoulder.]

Sebastian. Greetings, fair *Maria*! [Takes her hand.] Most happy to have met you. How are all my friends? How is your gentle and lovely friend, *Theresa*?

Maria (aside.) He knows nothing. How can I tell him? How relate—?

Sebastian. Why silent, *Maria*? Why that cloud upon your fair brow? Have misfortunes befallen any dear to me? Speak! Tell me, is *Theresa*—is—*Theresa* ill? Great Heaven! she is not dead?

Maria. Oh, *Sebastian*! that it should have befallen me to have to inform you of that which will overwhelm you with anguish, cloud your life with sorrow. *Theresa* lives, but —

Sebastian. Thank heaven, and bless you for those words. *Theresa* lives! I can then bear all you may have to relate. What is it, *Maria*?

Maria. How, oh! how tell you? Yes, *Theresa* lives, but is dead to you. She is now the affianced of *Raymond Landsburg*.

Sebastian. Why, *Maria*, what are you saying? *Theresa* false? Impossible! I could as soon doubt the brightness of the midday sun, as to suppose *Theresa* recreant to her plighted faith. Is she not the sweet reward of valor, promised by her father, which I now return to claim? Is she not my promised bride? How, then, can she be, as you say, the affianced of another?

Maria. Oh, *Sebastian*, how tell you all? I cannot now, as we may be discovered, and discovery, for you, means death.

Sebastian. Discovery! Death!

Maria. Oh, fly from here! Fly at once! All, all believe you guilty—all, save one. I could never doubt your honor, *Sebastian*. I feel in my heart that you are innocent of the charge.

[She stands with her hand upon his shoulder. Enter *Victor Norborn*, with rifle upon shoulder; he rushes forward, draws *Maria* violently away from *Sebastian*, and shoves her aside.]

Victor. Do I find you, *Maria*, standing by the side of that villain, your hand on his shoulder? Shame on you, sister!

Maria. He is not guilty!

Victor. Not guilty, and a traitor?

Sebastian. What do I hear? What do you dare term me?

Victor. The betrayer of his country's cause—the vilest of traitors.

Sebastian. Liar! [Both spring forward with presented rifles. *Maria*, screaming, springs between them.]

Maria. Forbear, brother!—and you, *Sebastian*, more dear than brother. [She has seized in one hand and shoved upward the rifle of *Sebastian*, and whilst leaning against and sheltering him, extends the other hand imploringly to her brother.]

Victor. What, sister, openly confessing your love for a traitor?

Sebastian. Speak that word again at your peril. Were it not for the presence of your gentle sister I would slay you as you stand.

Maria. Indeed, brother, he is not a traitor. I feel confident the time is not distant when you will blush for having so termed him, as will also others. I confess that I love Sebastian; though had it not been for the ocean of sorrows so soon to overwhelm him, I should never have made known to any, least of all to him, my hopeless love. Well do I know that, loving Theresa, he will never love another. But go where you will, Sebastian, ever bear in mind that when all friends deserted, when all scorned and reviled you, there was one who never doubted your honor, but esteemed and blessed you, and blushed not to say she loved you. Farewell, Sebastian. Brother, come with me.

Victor. Sebastian, I will see you again. My sister's faith causes in me doubts.

Sebastian. Enough! For your lovely and gentle sister's sake I will hope, when next we meet, it may be as friends. Farewell, Maria. I shall never forget you; and though I can but proffer a brother's love, heaven will bless the gentle and tender heart that offered words of consolation while others condemned me unheard.

[Exit *Maria* and brother, one arm supporting her, she weeping.]

Sebastian (soliloquizing). Surely, my gentle friend Maria must be mistaken. What! my loved Theresa false! Her noble father recreant to his promise! My dearest friend Raymond now the affianced of my promised bride! The very thought would be maddening. It cannot be! It cannot be! Were it true, then might Maria well speak of the ocean of sorrows, with billowy waves threatening to overwhelm me. Ah, more bitter, far more bitter than its saline waters, is the very thought—what then its reality? No, no, Theresa, I will do you no such injustice as for a moment to suppose you, dearest, could be capable of such perfidy. If all the world were to call me traitor, you, like my gentle friend Maria, would scorn the supposition, and like her, proclaim to all your confidence in my faith and honor. No, Theresa, I love you too well to doubt you. Maria is mistaken—has listened to false rumors. So it appears I have been, and without a hearing, condemned as a traitor, and by those I deemed my friends! Ah, little did I think when I left my home—cheered by bright hopes and to serve my country's cause—that such greetings awaited my return. It wounds my heart; but—but Theresa, bright star of my life, your fond trusting smile when first we meet will prove the healing balm. I must be cau-

tious, avoid being seen till I can first meet with some friend in whom I can confide. If Theresa or Raymond would but appear I could—Ah, some one approaches! I must conceal myself, till I discover who comes.

[Time now twilight (lights half down). Enter *Theresa*. She advances a few steps, when appears at opposite side *Sebastian*; soon as in view, extending his arms to her.]

Sebastian. Theresa! Theresa!

[Theresa gazes at him as though appalled, but speaks not. Voices of a number of villagers are heard near by, and as approaching, singing a rural song. As if affrighted by their voices, *Sebastian*, with looks and gestures of despair, disappears whence he came. At his departure, Theresa stands with clasped hands, wildly gazing in the direction he disappears, as though in a trance. Enter, caroling a song, a number of youths and maidens, eight or nine; amongst them is *Raymond Landsburg*, *Victor Norborn* and his sister *Maria*; also *Martha* and *Cecilia* with her lover. *Raymond* beholds her as described, and goes to her side; his companions withdraw among the trees.]

Raymond. Why, Theresa dearest, what ails you? Ah, she hears me not! Theresa! Theresa! speak, my love! What so affrights, disturbs you?

Theresa. Oh, Raymond! [She turns to him and is supported by him.]

Raymond. Tell me, love, what has so alarmed you?

Theresa. I—I have seen him!

Raymond. Him? Who have you seen?

Theresa. The lost!—the guilty?

Raymond (starting). Sebastian! Impossible! Recollect yourself, dear Theresa.

Theresa. I saw him as plainly as I now see you. He spoke—he pronounced my name! Then, affrighted by your voices, he disappeared among yonder trees. Now, Raymond, if the unfortunate Theresa was ever dear to you, save him! Let him not die the death he deserves—the traitor's death! Oh, spare me, spare me that agony! [She kneels before him with clasped hands—he raises her.]

Raymond. Do you know your poor Raymond so little, as to believe this supplication necessary? Let this dear throbbing heart have rest, and tell me what I can do to comfort you?

Theresa. Seek him out and tell him—

Raymond. What?

Theresa. To fly—to save himself!—and never, never to attempt to see me more!

Raymond. I will, I will indeed! But I fear he will shun me as his most bitter enemy; and yet I am not his enemy, heaven knows I am not. To have lost you is punishment enough for all his crimes. But strive to control your feelings, dear Theresa; otherwise suspicion may be awakened which would prove fatal to him.

Theresa. I will, dear Raymond.

Raymond. I think Sebastian cannot be far away. I will go and seek him. I shall return soon; remain here; our friends are within call.

Theresa. Oh, thank you; bless you. [Exit Raymond.]

[Theresa walks back and forth, near front, as though much disturbed.]

Theresa (soliloquizing). Why these emotions? Why beats thus my heart? 'Tis not returning love—oh, no! What, love for him, who I now blush to name—a traitor, scorned by all! The very thought mantles my brow with shame. No, no! 'tis but pity that once so esteemed by all, should have fallen so low. And yet his countenance bore no signs of guilt; his eyes but expressed anguish, and seemed to reproach me, as though I and not he, had proved faithless—faithless in his country's cause as well as in love! Oh! Sebastian, could not my ardent love have proved a shield in thine hour of trial? Was life so dear that honor and patriotism were bartered for its purchase? Ah, how wilt thou look my noble, affianced Raymond in the face! the brave, the fond, the true, as I once deemed you!

[Twilight has changed to night. The moon is seen to rise over the mountain tops. A full moon. Enter Raymond.]

Raymond. He is safe.

Theresa. Safe, and gone far away, where I may never see, never hear from him more!

Raymond. He will never more attempt to force himself into your presence.

Theresa. Then I am content. How can I ever repay—

Raymond. Be happy, Theresa. That will repay me all.

Theresa. Oh, thank you. But why is your countenance so clouded! Why so agitated? You, ever wont to be so calm?

Raymond. Question me not, Theresa. To-morrow I will explain all; so, dearest, return now to the village in company with

our friends. I have requested Sebastian to await my return. I intend, for reasons which I will explain to-morrow, to accompany him over the mountains to Innsbruck.

Theresa. Oh, what can be the reason of——. Why go over the mountains in the night?

Raymond. I will explain all to-morrow, love. The moon is up. Come friends. [They appear.] Theresa has imagined she saw an apparition. Don't laugh at her too much, please. She will return with you. I have business over the mountain; as the night is fair, I will now proceed.

Theresa. Oh, Raymond! [Aside.] How strange—how unaccountable!

Friends. Farewell, Raymond; a pleasant journey.

Raymond. Thanks. [Exit Raymond.]

A Maiden (while walking.) Now, Theresa, tell us all about the ghost. Ha, ha, ha!

Theresa. I shall tell you nothing. [Aside.] How strange of Raymond!

A Youth. Was it black or white! Ha, ha, ha!

A Maiden. Was it very horrible? No wonder you were frightened.

Theresa. A terrible sight to me, indeed. But question me no more. I will relate nothing of what I saw. [Exit all.]

SCENE FOURTH.

Cottage and Grove. Home of *Lewis Vostner*.
Time, midday.

[Enter *Theresa*.]

Theresa. How very strange of Raymond to leave me as he did, last night! And how disturbed he seemed in mind! It is noon, now, and he does not return. What can I think?

[Enter *Uncle*.]

Joseph Vostner. Theresa, where is Raymond? And why do you appear so sad?

Theresa. Raymond met me on the mountains last evening, and then went to Innsbruck. Ah, here he comes—he will explain.

Joseph Vostner. Went to Innsbruck? Strange, very strange!

[Enter *Raymond*.]

Theresa. Oh Raymond, dear, what can have happened? Why did you leave me last night to accompany poor Sebastian to Innspruck?

Joseph Vostner. Sebastian!

Raymond. What has happened ought to give me satisfaction instead of distress, for I know how it will gratify you. [He pauses, Theresa looks up in anxious expectation.] Sebastian has been slandered. He is not guilty, as supposed.

Theresa. Not guilty! What can you mean? Did he not betray—Oh, revive not the memory of his crimes, of his disgrace! Oh, do not, if you love me, Raymond!

Raymond. If I love you, Theresa? Did I not love you better than myself, should I be the one to justify? I repeat it, Sebastian has been slandered. He is no traitor!

Theresa. No traitor?—and he forsook, he fled! Oh tell—explain!

Raymond. Compose yourself. I repeat, Sebastian is no traitor! But you are not now in a state to hear the vindication of his conduct.

Theresa. Oh yes; I am quite well. Keep me not in suspense. Let me try, if I can believe such blessed news!

Raymond. I found Sebastian concealed near the spot where you had seen him. His entreaties to be heard were so vehement, I could not refuse to listen; and his explanation of the circumstances of his adventure was given with such an air of truth, that I determined to ascertain its veracity. I purposely avoided expressing, last evening, the hopes I entertained of his character being cleared, until I should have convincing proof of the fact. It was for this purpose I accompanied Sebastian over the mountains to Innspruck. I called to see the surgeon who attended him, and to whom he intrusted the letter you received, and who promised to write a full detail of the transaction, for the satisfaction of his friends. The gentleman confirmed all that Sebastian had told me; which, to be brief, was that he was taken prisoner by the Bavarians, and placed by the officers in command at the head of their troops to conduct them over the mountains; his life to be the forfeit if he led them astray. Discovering he had misled them, he was shot upon the spot; dead, as supposed; but reviving, was carried by them to the hospital at Innspruck. The surgeon said the officers and soldiers were in admiration of his conduct, regarding him as a true patriot.

[*Theresa* listens with intense interest; as the proof of *Sebastian's* innocence becomes more apparent, her agitation increases, till it finds vent in a passion of tears.]

Theresa. And I, condemned him unheard. I, believed him guilty! What wonder, then, that others should!

[At this exclamation, and the vehemence with which it is uttered, *Raymond's* countenance changes; he turns from her; but *Theresa* seizes his hand and detains him.]

Theresa. Do not leave me, dear *Raymond*! Stay to share my joy; to hear how greatly your conduct has increased my esteem and affection for you.

Joseph Vostner. But, *Raymond*, what became of the surgeon's letter?

Raymond. I fear, indeed am almost certain from what I heard, that *Basil* had the baseness to suppress that document, which would have effectually vindicated his rival. *Sebastian*, whose innocence is now well known, returns to-morrow. The villagers have determined, in reparation of their injustice, to accord him a triumphal entrance to his native village.

Theresa. And I shall not be there! How I should blush to encounter his looks! [Exit *Theresa* and *Raymond*.]

Joseph Vostner (soliloquizing). How noble in *Raymond*, and what a test of *Theresa's* constancy! I felt somewhat apprehensive of the effect *Sebastian's* justification might produce upon her feelings towards her generous affianced. I will sound her further on this point. What a scoundrel that *Basil*! What a blight he has cast over the heroic but unfortunate youth, *Sebastian*! Where now the promised reward of valor?—that promise now so impossible of fulfillment! Ah, who can foretell the future?—who tell what a day may bring forth? [Enter *Theresa*.] *Theresa*, what has become of *Raymond*!

Theresa. He left me to seek my father.

Joseph Vostner. I think, dear niece, some of your expressions of satisfaction at the vindication of *Sebastian* were somewhat vehement—in fact calculated to disturb the mind of *Raymond*. I hope you do not think of—

Theresa. Surely, you do not think me so ungrateful as to desert my *Raymond*; nay, to make his generosity the ruin of his happiness! No; since he has chosen me, he shall find in me a faithful, a devoted wife. Now, dear uncle, you will see, it was *Sebastian's* supposed guilt, and not his loss as a lover, that affected me so deeply. The tears I shed were blessed tears, not like those I used to shed, of shame and anguish! Now, I need not fly at sound of his name! Now, I shall hear it uttered, not with scorn and reproach, but with praise and honor! Oh, happy day! what more can I desire?—unless it be to know he is joined

in marriage with one deserving of him—one who never had the weakness to doubt him.

[While she is speaking, enter, unobserved by *Theresa*, her father and *Raymond*, who, unobserved by her, stand well back. A momentary drop of curtain, which rises to show a tableau representing the triumphal return to his native village of Sebastian.]

SCENE FIFTH.

Village street.

The tableau will show a company of Tyrolese riflemen, with band and Tyrolese flag, *Sebastian* in front; on each side of him a youthful maiden, they holding over him an arch of evergreens and flowers. Three arches, held by the requisite number of maidens, might be shown—one over him, another little to front, another to rear. On each side, also, a number of maidens with castanets and tambourines, in the attitude of dancers. On each side of procession, villagers of all ages; maidens, as waving scarfs and handkerchiefs; males, as swinging their hats, etc. Is seen near front, *Lewis* and *Joseph Vostner*, and *Raymond Landsburg*; also, *Maria*, *Martha*, *Cecilia* and her lover; also, *Rebecca*.]

TRIUMPHAL MUSIC BY ORCHESTRA.

[Momentary fall of curtain, that rises to show concluding scene of this Act.

Regarding tableau, there will be no difficulty, as persons of tableau take their places to rear of front scenes being performed; so, at the momentary drop of curtain, while slides to front are being withdrawn, the few persons (of front scene) will have time to take their position front of the others.

Regarding tableau representing "Triumphal Return of Sebastian" instead of company of riflemen marching in rear of him, they might be represented as standing in two lines, a line on each side, at present arms; whilst those to rear, as those at side of him in side line of riflemen, might be maidens in attitudes of dancers, with their castanets and tambourines; while small girls, wearing wreaths, might be further front. Outside of lines of riflemen, and some of them further to front, there should be seen villagers of all ages, showing signs of welcome; women and maidens as waving scarfs or hand-

kerchiefs; men as waving hats, etc. None should be front of Sebastian, save small children (girls), so as not to hide him from view. Just before curtain rises on tableau, might be heard ringing of bell, sound of band, bugles, hurrahs and loud shouts of welcome; and might also be heard firing of cannon; all of which ceases as curtain rises to show tableau, except music of orchestra playing a triumphal and martial air.]

SCENE SIXTH.

A forest glade.

[Enter *Basil Affland*.]

Basil. All my plans of vengeance have failed; all my scheming has come to naught, and I am now an object of scorn and abhorrence to all. I must now fly from my native village, leave my boyhood's home; whilst Sebastian, returning triumphant, is esteemed and honored by all. Yes, I must depart; but shall I go unrevenged? What is life worth without Theresa? Nothing! nothing! Shall I tamely surrender her to the arms of another? Never! ah, never! Sebastian first robbed me of her love. She would have loved me had it not been for him; but for him she would, in compliance with her father's wishes, have become my bride. No sooner, as I supposed, had I delivered myself of his rivalry, than Raymond Landsburg becomes, with her father's consent, her affianced. Curses, curses, a thousand curses, on them all! Could I [draws his dagger] but bury this dagger deep in their hearts, I would be content. What, what, do I behold! Theresa approaching, and alone! Ah, if I pierce with this dagger her heart, I shall through hers pierce the hearts of all I hate—shall indeed be avenged! Ha, ha, ha, ha! Never, never, shall another call her bride! If my arms cannot enfold her as my wife, then only to the arms of death will I surrender her. Ah, Theresa, you come to meet your doom! But I will give her a chance for life. [Enter *Theresa*.] Well met, Theresa; a bridegroom awaits you here.

Theresa. How dare you, basest of men, address me! What mean you? of what bridegroom do you speak? Yourself, I suppose.

Basil. The bridegroom whose arms will now embrace you is known as death. [Shows dagger.]

Theresa. What, wretch, would you murder me?

Basil. If you, Theresa, comply not with the conditions I shall name, you shall die.

Theresa. What, oh, what mean you! Spare, oh, spare me—oh, do not kill me!

Basil. Swear to become my wife—fly at once with me, and you shall live!

Theresa. Never, never! Death far sooner—death!

Basil. (seizing one of her hands). Then die!

Theresa. Mercy, mercy! Oh, do not slay me!

Basil. I will give you one more chance for life. Kneel, girl, [forces her to kneel] and swear you will never become the bride of either Raymond or Sebastian! Swear to this, or now you die!

Theresa (springing to her feet). I will not swear! Heaven save! Mercy! Murder!

Basil. Then die!

Theresa. Help! Murder! murder!

[*Basil* raises the dagger to strike the death-blow, when appears at side and well to rear, unseen by either, *Sebastian*; he raises his rifle and fires; *Basil*, shot through the head, falls as dead. *Theresa*, swooning, falls. *Sebastian*, hastening to her side, kneels and takes possession of one of her hands.]

Sebastian. She lives—she has but fainted! Dearest *Theresa*, I have saved you!—saved you for the arms of another, and he my friend and vindicator; the restorer of my honor. But I cannot remain to see you become his bride. That, dearest, is more than I can bear. Before will dawn many days, I shall be far away. Beloved *Theresa*, unconscious as you are, I bid you now a last farewell. You will never know to whom you owe your precious life. Would it be wrong in me to press with my own her unconscious lips? Surely *Raymond* would not begrudge me one farewell kiss.

[Partly raises *Theresa*, kisses her, and presses her to his heart; then glances to one side; then, laying down *Theresa*, picks up his rifle, rises, and, as startled by some one's approach, quickly disappears; when from opposite direction appears *Raymond*, who hastens to and raises in his arms the now reviving girl, who throws around his neck her arms.]

Theresa. Dear, dear *Raymond*! Savior of my life!

Raymond. Dearest, what means? Explain!

Theresa (leaving his arms.) Yes, yes, I met here unexpectedly *Basil*. He threatened if I would not swear to marry and go with him he would slay me; and, when I refused, he was about to stab me with his dirk, when you fired. He fell, and I

fainted and was unconscious until your kisses revived me, and I found myself in the arms of my preserver.

Raymond (aside.) Kisses? Ah, I see—it was, it must have been Sebastian.

[Appear to rear *Lewis* and *Joseph Vostner*, also *Victor Norborn* and his sister *Maria*, together with *Martha*. When well in view they will pause, and appear surprised and startled at sight of *Basil* slain. At their first appearance *Theresa* leaves the arms of *Raymond*, when he will pick up his rifle, that he laid down when he raised *Theresa*, and holding it in his hand, will walk with her to one side of stage, to right of audience, same side as entered those at rear, where they will stand gazing toward those at rear. Then enter at rear mother and sister (*Cecilia*) of *Basil Affland*; also *Cecilia's* lover, and two middle-aged women. Soon as in view *Mrs. Affland* will, wildly shrieking, run to and kneel beside her slain son (back of, so as to face audience); *Cecilia* just back of her mother, moaning and weeping, walks distractedly back and forth, then throws herself, weeping, into the arms of *Martha*; then, leaving her arms, throws herself into the arms of her lover.]

Mrs. Affland (kneeling by her son.) My son! my son! My only son? My poor, murdered, boy! [Then rising and stretching towards him her clasped hands, or raising them above.] And, you, *Raymond Landsburg*, slayer! murderer of my son! A bereaved mother's malediction rest upon your head; and may heaven's vengeance fall soon upon you!

[Then hysterically weeping and laughing, falls backward into the arms of her two elderly friends; does not faint, but shriek, and laughs hysterically whilst struggling in their arms. Whilst she heaps malediction upon *Raymond's* head, *Theresa*, first stepping before him, stretches towards the frantic mother, her two hands, not clasped—but palms extended to ward off; then turns and throws herself upon his bosom, looks over her shoulder at the frantic mother, as though to shield with her person *Raymond* from her curses. As the mother commences her imprecations, *Maria* goes front to *Theresa* and takes possession of one of her hands, when *Theresa* turns and is clasped weeping into her arms. Then *Joseph Vostner* goes towards the crazed mother, whilst *Lewis Vostner* goes to his daughter; when leaving *Maria*, *Theresa* throws herself into her father's arms.]

Theresa. Father! father! he saved my life! Dear *Raymond* saved my life!

[The above latter portion is not in detail as necessarily written, but occurs almost simultaneously, and occupies less time in performance than in reading. Orchestra will accompany performance with wailing music, when mother falls back into the arms of her friends. *Cecilia* leaves her lover, and kneels weeping by her slain brother.]

TABLEAU.—CURTAIN.

ACT IV.

SCENE—Handsomely furnished parlor. Home of *Lewis Vostner* and daughter.

[When curtain rises *Theresa* is seen seated near a table. She appears pensive. *Raymond* appears at side further back; is not observed by *Theresa*, who presently arises and walks restlessly around the room. As she rises *Raymond* disappears from view; presently *Theresa* reseats herself by table, when *Raymond* again appears as before, closely scrutinizing her, and presently disappears; no word is spoken; all is pantomime, and should be assisted by orchestra. Enter *Maria* and brother, accompanied by *Martha*; *Theresa* and maidens embrace and kiss, when *Theresa* extends her hand to the brother of *Maria*.]

Maria. Why, *Theresa*, how sad you look! I do believe I see tears in those lovely eyes.

Theresa. I am not feeling well this morning; have a severe pain in my head. I think a walk in the garden——

Martha. Yes, dear *Theresa*, the fresh air will do you good, and 'tis such a lovely morning. 'Tis not surprising you should feel ill after such a narrow escape from death.

Theresa. Then, if you please, we will walk in the garden or grove. [She and *Martha*, with arms around each other's waists, depart.]

Victor Norburn. Ah, sister! I suspect the pain is in her heart rather than her head. It is my opinion that *Theresa* loves *Sebastian* still, even while about to become the wife of *Raymond*. What a generous girl—gives her heart to one and her hand to another. Ha, ha, ha!

Maria. Brother, how can you laugh? If, as you say, *Theresa*—

sa loves Sebastian, she ought to marry him instead of Raymond, who would not be happy unless he possessed her heart, while both Sebastian and herself would be rendered miserable for life.

Victor. Ah, sweet and gentle sister, can you speak thus whilst having confessed your love for Sebastian?

Maria. Yes, yes, from my heart! Loving as I do, Sebastian, what can I desire more than his happiness and that also of my dear friend Theresa?

Victor. If you were, like myself, a poor mortal, instead of the angelic being that you are, one might suppose your own happiness might be taken into consideration.

Maria. And so it is—to see happy those I love contributes to my own happiness. Knowing, as I do, Sebastian's heart is given to another—that I can have no place there except as a cherished friend or sister—how can I but wish for what I know will make his life happy? But I fear that wishes will avail but little at this late hour to change what appears their destiny, since their wedding day is so close at hand—you being here to sign as witness the marriage contract.

Victor. So I suppose that Theresa, whilst endeavoring to make one man happy, will, like many other women, enjoy the satisfaction of breaking the heart of another. Ha, ha, ha!

Maria. How can you speak that way, and laugh as you do? Theresa is acting from a mistaken sense of duty, or you are mistaken in thinking she does not love Raymond, who saved her life, and is one of the most noble and generous of men, capable of rendering any woman happy.

Victor. If such, Maria, is your opinion, why did you not accept him for your husband when a suitor for your hand, instead of by your coolness driving him to the side of another?

Maria. The reason I did not encourage his attentions was because I did not love him, and—and—because I loved another.

Victor. But knowing, as you now do, that the other love you mention is hopeless, in case aught should occur to prevent this ill-omened marriage, why not then make Raymond happy? I am confident one smile of yours would bring him to the feet of his first love. In such case, Raymond will need consoling, and where could he find a sweeter consoler than in my lovely and gentle sister?

Maria. Why, brother, how strangely you talk; when, as you know, we are expecting so soon to be the wedding guests of Theresa and Raymond. What would they think, if they overheard our conversation? Indeed, as far as Raymond is concerned, I doubt much if, as the husband of the beautiful Theresa, he would need the sympathy of any; and I think you are

mistaken regarding what you say of Theresa. Her late dreadful experience would account for her present depression of spirits.

Victor (taking her hand). Now, Maria, I am not talking of probabilities, but of possibilities, remote possibilities, if you will. Say, my kind-hearted little sister, do you know, if Theresa does not marry Raymond, she will marry—that is, make happy—Sebastian. So, in return for her so great kindness, ought you not to imitate her example by making happy the then unhappy Raymond? Will you not then be the sweet consoler? Say, sister, will you promise?

Maria. Promise! No, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! But, brother, I think your head is becoming also affected. I think a little fresh air would do you good. Ha, ha, ha! So, let us go and join our friends in the garden. [*Exit.*]

[Enters with duster in hand, with which she proceeds to dust chairs, *Rebecca*. Just afterwards, *Michael O'Flanigan*.

Rebecca. Why, Michael, don't you know if Mr. Vostner finds you in the parlor he will be very angry, perhaps send you away?

Michael O'Flanigan. Pother a bit! I will jist tell the old gintleman that I warse looking for him to hare what work he wanted done in the garden. Och, bless yer swate pratey face. Miss Rebecca, shore the two wakes I heve bane hare as garden-ner heve bane the happiest years ov me life. Iver since the day you warse dancing in front ov me loike a little fairy—whin yer bright eyes bored two holes clain through me heart, I heve ben a thinking and a draming ov you, and now ef ye will but consint to bacome me swate little wife, shore its jist the happiest by outside of ould Ireland, I will ba.

Rebecca. And do you think I could leave the village where I was born, and where dwell my father and my mother, my brothers and my sisters, to go with you to that far-away country you call Ireland?

Michael. And shore, Miss Rebecca, I would niver ask ye to do any sich thing. Only jist spake the word, and I will make this country me home—become a Tyrolese, I will.

Rebecca. And would you, indeed, Michael, leave your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and your country, for my sake?

Michael. And shore I would, praty Miss Rebecca, and ef I hed fifty fathers and mothers and a hundred sisters and brothers, I would lave thim all, and me friends and country beside, ef ye will but consint to bacome me swate charming little bride.

Rebecca. Then you must love me dearly; and I know you

are brave, for our riflemen upon their return said you were, and that scar on the left side of your brow bears witness to your courage. Now, Michael, tell me please, how you received that wound.

Michael. Well, now, you see, Miss Rebecca, jist after I jined the bys in the battle I warse rushing up to one ov the inemy wid me shillaly jist to hev a little sociable fight, whin the unmanly spalpeen up wid his gun and shot me down; so whilst all the bys warse heving their devarsion there I laid, losing all the sport. But shore its not ov war but ov love I wish to spake, and there, now, ef its not forgetting to tell ye ov me good fortune I am. I hev jist rasaved a letter from ould Ireland, telling me as how a great granduncle, or some sich rilitive, that I hev niver seen, has hed the good manners to die and has left me a thousand pounds—which is a hape ov money in this country—so I can buy me hare a nice farm and plinty ov stock, and will ba able to dress ye up loike a princess ef you will only bacome me dare little wife.

Rebecca. Well, Michael, this is not the place or time, but some other time, perhaps.

Michael. Och, bless yer swate praty face and yer dear lettletle sowle, though I'm not shore as to the place, I'm mighty shore there can ba no better time thin the prisint, so let us jist take a walk out in the grove and I will convince ye I'm jist the by to make ye happy for life whin I once get ye on me farm.

Rebecca. Are you quite sure about the thousand pounds—about the letter, I mean.

Michael. And about the letter is it—and shore I am, me darling, and hare it is; and now we will jist go out and take a walk in the grove and rade it over togither, only ye musent howld it too nare yer bright eyes or they might set the paper on fire, whin pother a word will there ba left to rade. [They depart for adjacent room, whence *Michael's* voice is distinctly heard.]

Michael. Niver mind the hat, don't pother looking for it; but hare now, me darling, jist plase take this shawl and throw it over yer pratey head. There, now, if yer aint a picter to look at, and enough to brake the hearts of all the bys.

[Enter *Joseph Vostner*.]

Joseph Vostner (soliloquizing.) To-day Sebastian leaves his native village, never to return. Exeellent, noble youth! he deserves a better, a happier fate. Ah! this is indeed a land of exile, a vale of tears. And to-day is also the appointed time for the signing of the marriage contract of Raymond and Theresa. I am sorry to observe that Raymond does not appear happy;

he seems to watch with painful interest every shade of varying color that passes over the countenance of his beloved; and yet Theresa, far from opposing the marriage, seems rather anxious for its accomplishment. Basil Atland, the destroyer of Sebastian's hopes, has met at the hand of Raymond a just retribution.

[Enter *Raymond* and *Theresa*.]

Raymond (with emotion.) I have a request to make. It is one, Theresa, I fear you may not like to grant; but, for my sake——

Theresa. What request can you make, dear Raymond, that I should hesitate to comply with?

Raymond (with faltering voice.) It is that you should consent to see Sebastian for a few moments before his departure. [Theresa seems much disturbed.]

Theresa. O, Raymond, do not ask it! I am too guilty towards him! I cannot meet his reproachful looks.

Raymond. They will never reproach you, Theresa. Poor fellow, reproaches are far from his thoughts; only see him this once, and speak a few words of kindness to him.

Theresa. Since you request, insist——

[*Exit Raymond*.]

Theresa. Oh, uncle! would that Raymond had spared me this!

Joseph Fostner (aside). Very inconsiderate in Raymond. I am surprised at his proposal; still more, at his urging it so earnestly.

Theresa. It is he! Well do I know that step! Oh, that it were over!

[Enter *Raymond*, accompanied by *Sebastian*, whose troubled countenance and trembling frame evinces his inward agitation.

Theresa attempts to advance, but pauses, overcome by her emotions. *Sebastian* endeavors to pronounce her name, but the sound dies on his lips. There is a long pause.]

Raymond. Theresa, will you not say one word of welcome to your friend?

Theresa (as with averted eyes she extends her hand towards *Sebastian*). I am not worthy to welcome him! [*Sebastian* takes her hand for a moment, and then retires to further side of the room; her uncle stands well back.]

Raymond (departing). I will return immediately.

Theresa. Oh stay!—do not leave me! I entreat—I implore.

[*Exit Raymond.* *Theresa* and *Sebastian* exhibit great emotion. After gazing at each other a moment.]

Theresa. I doubted your faith; your honor. Sebastian, can you ever forgive me!

Sebastian. I forgive you, Theresa! I forgive and bless you. It is my daily prayer that every happiness may attend you, and that worthy—that generous man upon whom you have—farewell, Theresa, farewell forever.

[The unhappy youth rushes from the room; *Theresa*, overcome by her emotion, bursts into sobs and tears.]

Theresa. Why, oh, why did Raymond insist upon this meeting? I was so tranquil, so resigned, before.

Joseph Vostner. Resigned, Theresa; and do you think that Raymond could be satisfied with your being only resigned to be his wife?

Theresa. O, that is not what I meant; I am so confused; I know not what I say; but why did he expose me to this trial; he who used to be so kind, so considerate?

Joseph Vostner (aside). Raymond has indeed been imprudent in subjecting these young people to being excited and tortured by this meeting; I can account for it only by supposing that, unable to surmount some latent feeling of jealousy, he wished to observe what effect the presence of her former lover would produce on his destined bride.

Theresa (aside). Ah! I hear approaching footsteps. Raymond must not see these tears. I must; I will, for his sake, control my feelings. Is he not the savior of my life? What, but a life's devotion, can repay him?

[Enter *Lewis Vostner* and *Raymond*, who seems struggling with feelings he endeavors to suppress. *Theresa's* father also seems disturbed in mind. Immediately after, enter *Martha*, *Maria* and brother. They retire to back of room.]

Raymond. Take this paper, Theresa, and see if you approve? It is the marriage contract.

Theresa. What need of this, dear Raymond—have not you and my father seen it?

Raymond (speaking in a hurried manner). Yes, but I wish you to look at it for a moment.

[She casts her eyes upon the paper, and then lets fall her hand.]

Theresa. What is this? I feel quite bewildered! I am losing my senses, I fear. What name do I see written here?

Raymond (trembling with emotion). You see the name of Sebastian Freilitz—the name of your early lover! To him I resign my claim.

Theresa. What can you mean.

Raymond. I mean that I can enjoy no happiness that wrings the hearts of others; that I would not endure what I have just witnessed of your sufferings, and of that poor youth's, for all the world can bestow. [He leaves the room, but returns in a moment, leading in *Sebastian*.]

Raymond. Theresa, this young man's devotion to his country's cause merits a reward such as you alone can bestow! In his favor I resign my claim to your hand. Your father, at my request, has promised his consent. Will you accept this youth for your husband?

[*Theresa* covers her face with her hands, but does not speak.]

Louis Vostner. Theresa, daughter, this is no time for trifling!—do you still love this youth?

Theresa. Until this day, I thought I did not. Oh, Raymond, why did you insist upon this meeting?

Raymond. It is enough! [Taking her hand and placing it in that of *Sebastian*.]

Raymond. May heaven preserve and bless you both! [Retires a few steps, when *Joseph Vostner* clasps in sympathy his hand.]

Lewis Vostner. This has been a strange and eventful history. Heaven bless you both, my children, and also our noble friend Raymond, to whose generosity you owe so much, and who now enables me, Sebastian, to keep my parting promise to you when you left on that perilous mission. Receive my dear daughter's hand, as the reward of valor.

[As he ceases speaking, *Sebastian*, who holds her hand, draws *Theresa* to him; she rests her head upon his shoulder.]

Victor Norborn. Now, Maria, now is your time. Go mend that broken heart. Prove the sweet consoler. Show us the witchery, the magic power of beauty's smile.

Martha. Yes, yes! Do, Maria. Oh, the poor fellow! Go, go at once! If you do not, I will go myself—indeed I will—and then you won't have me for a sister, and your brother will surely die of a broken heart. Ha, ha, ha!

Brother (seizing the hand of *Martha*). Do you hear that? Save me! save me, sister!—in mercy go at once.

[*Maria* smiles, then goes to *Raymond*, who, standing with his hand in *Joseph Vostner's* grasp and gazing at *Theresa* and *Sebastian*, observes not her approach; places one hand gently upon his shoulder. *Raymond* turns, and, with startled look, gazes upon her; then, as she droops her head, seizes both her hands and gazes inquiringly in her now upturned face; then, as she smiles, raises to his lips and kisses her hand; then, observing the smiling looks of *Martha* and her betrothed directed towards him, smiles in return; then, retaining one of her hands, advancing nearer front.]

Raymond. And know, *Theresa*, that the arms that now enfold you are the arms that saved your life from the assassin's knife. Turn not away your face, *Sebastian*. Deny it, if you can.

[All look surprised at *Raymond's* announcement.]

Theresa. *Sebastian*!—oh, *Sebastian*!—was it you that saved me?

Sebastian. Yes, *Theresa*—yes, dearest—it was my happy fortune.

[Enter at rear *Michael* and *Rebecca*—he holding her hand.]

Michael. Looks mighty loike a wedding, *Rebecca*. Yes, shore, and a hape of thim!

MUSIC.

TABLEAU.

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—When maidens encircle *Michael*, *Rebecca* will step back into the circle of dancing girls, when *Michael* will catch by the hands one of the laughing girls and draw her from the circle, when she dances in front of him a moment and then falls back into the circle, when *Michael* pulls from dancing circle another maiden, who does as did the other. *Michael* will continue so to do until end of dance.

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